THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

He Stands a Type of Stanch and Rugged Honesty.

The strongest party with the strongest principles and purposes offers for the suffrage of the American people the strongest personality in American public life. The national democratic convention has nominated Grover Cleveland for the presidency.

Those who met at Chicago in convention represent the great majority of the people of this country, as has been demonstrated time and again at the polls. The creed they formulated is the people's creed, articles of faith to establish and exemplify which our government was formed and must be maintained. To embody adequately in the candidate the great, honest purposes of democracy, its wholesouled devotion to the people, its courage, its convictions, its rugged honesty, its contempt for guile, its progressive spirit, its national character, was the duty before the convention, and nobly has it been discharged.

Grover Cleveland stands before the country as the type of the ruggedly honest man in public life. He is of the people and for the people, one whose whole official career has been a record of unselfish, unfaltering devotion to the welfare of the people. And this nomination has been made by the people. Short-sighted expediency has doubted its wisdom and contrived artful methods to disseminate that doubt. Rival and creditable ambitions have planned to have the result otherwise. Political ingenuity has drawn upon all its legitimate resources to bestow the honor elsewhere. But overmastering them all has been the voice of the people, speaking in tones that could not be disregarded for the man who, as mayor, as governor and as president, has illuminated by daily concrete practice the now trite but ever truthful words: "Public office is a public trust."

The personality of Grover Cleveland has been the first factor in securing to him an honor which he shares only with Jefferson and Jackson in American history. But it has not been the only factor. More conspicuously than any other man in public life Grover Cleveland is associated in the minds of the plain people with the issue on which the campaign is to be fought. Veterans remember that William R. Morrison was the pioneer in the latter day struggles against unjust taxation; scholars knew the incomparable services of John G. Carlisle to the cause, and in their several states the democratic masses know how bravely David B. Hill, Horace Boies, John M. Palmer, Isaac P. Gray, Arthur P. Gorman, James E. Campbell and William E. Russell have fought the good fight; but the one name which in the farmhouse, the prairie cabin, the factory, the mining gallery, the counting room and the workshop, in city, town and county, from Maine to Texas and from Florida to Oregon is inseparably identified with tariff reform is the name of Grover Cleveland. On the issue alone the democracy would have won. With the leader, embodying the issue, the democracy are invincible.—Albany Argus.

HER LEADER.

[From Puck.]

A TEMPORARY THAW.

Overflowing Geniality of Harrison for the Time Being.

When notified of his renomination of himself Mr. Harrison addressed Mr. Elliot F. Shepard, McKinley and other members of the national committee in the smooth and unctuous phrases he is so fond of using when he is not sure of having his own way. A great change has come over him in the last year, and it has grown on him until he actually perspires cordiality. Politicians who eighteen months ago were stopped by his footmen and not even allowed to communicate with his private secretary can go in now, shake hands with him and slap him on the back if they like. Having renominated himself through his officeholders, assisted by the Vanderbilts, he feels the necessity of relaxing his dignity for a few months and making some concessions to those who might not enthuse otherwise. He is going to be very warm-hearted now just as long as he can stand the strain. He is as genial as a chunk of ice in the July sun. He loves Blaine, loves Elliot F. Shepard, loves McKinley, loves the the newspaper men, loves everybody and everything that can help B. Harrison get four years more of office at fifty thousand dollars a year for himself with pickings for his family and his son's family, his son's wife's family and their cousins and uncles.

There is nothing cold-blooded about him now. He has thawed out. He is a generous, warm-hearted, impulsive, amiable, kindly, whole-souled, good fellow who has been slandered by the newspapers and by disappointed politicians. He will not wear a kid glove for the Harrison dynasty Vere de Vere expression of Indianapolis high life haughtiness for at least six months to come. He wishes it understood that he will be a good feller, and now is the time for Col. Abe Slupsky to chuck him in the ribs and tell him a Second ward anecdote.—St. Louis Republic.

A WORTHY CHOICE.

Mr. Stevenson, the Democratic Nominee for Vice President.

The nomination of Adlai E. Stevenson for vice president is a compliment to a distinguished citizen of Illinois which the democrats of this state will not fail to appreciate with heartiness and enthusiasm. But for the fact that Gray, of Indiana, had apparently been slated for second place on the ticket by Mr. Cleveland's managers, the selection of Mr. Stevenson would look as if those managers were preparing for the possible loss of New York by making Illinois a battle ground.

The compliment of Mr. Stevenson's nomination is worthily bestowed. He is an earnest, brainy and courageous democrat, who holds tenaciously to the doctrine that, all things else being equal, a democrat is better than a republican, especially when the question of choosing an occupant for a federal office is under consideration.

During his administration as first assistant postmaster general under President Cleveland Mr. Stevenson appointed forty thousand democratic postmasters throughout the country. To this vast army of ex-officials the intelligence of his nomination to the vice presidency will be most welcome. They and all other good democrats will be disposed to put forth their best efforts for the election of a ticket of which he is a part.

Mr. Stevenson has served two terms in congress, to which body he was elected as a candidate of the "independent reform party," though the soundness of his democracy has never been called in question. He is a native of Kentucky, a lawyer of ability and a gentleman of the highest type in every sense. He may not carry Illinois for the ticket, but he will add greatly to its strength all over the northwest.—Chicago Herald.

CONTEMPORARY COMMENT.

——What Mr. Curtis calls the "wild debauch of spoils" under the administration will now proceed more indecently than ever. We are even likely to see a supreme judgeship placed "where it will do most good" towards the president's reelection.—N. Y. World.

——President Harrison seems to be having a hard time disposing of the state department for the next nine months. This is perhaps the first vacancy of any importance in his official family for which Law Partner Miller has not been the leading candidate.—Chicago Times.

——The democratic platform is a great, loud trumpet blare, clear in its tones, calling to battle. No one can find fault with what it says on the score of honesty and directness, and no one can accuse its authors of timidity or time-serving. The issues of the campaign are marked with distinctest outline, and whoever casts his vote for the democracy's ticket in November will know under what banner he is standing.

——The people of the democratic party have won. They look into or feel the future more truly than the trained politicians. New York will vote for Cleveland. The south will never waver. The bold declaration of the platform on the tariff will make Massachusetts, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Michigan doubtful states. Democratic principles always win when the people are brought up to the issue and see where justice lies.—Kansas City Times.

——Mr. Harrison himself recognizes this failure of protection to keep its promise of a home market by saying gleefully, immediately after congratulating Mr. McKinley on its enlargement, that reciprocity had opened "new markets abroad to our meats and breadstuffs." This is strange. If the home market has been so greatly enlarged why is it necessary to add to a foreign market that already takes $150,000,000 of breadstuffs and $120,000,000 of meat?—N. Y. World.

——The addresses of the temporary and permanent chairmen of the democratic national convention were in much better taste than were those of the officers of the republican national convention. Both Fassett and McKinley strained a great deal for effect, the former especially lugging in the names of all the republican aspirants for the presidential nomination. Owens and Wilson, on the other hand, dispensed altogether with claptrap and made strong, logical speeches which aroused enthusiasm by reason of their intrinsic merits.—Detroit Free Press

ALASKAN FISHERIES.

Their Importance and Value—Enormous Consumption and Waste by Natives.

The fisheries of Alaska form no small part of the immense resources of the territorty. The total value of the catch last year amounted to more than five million one hundred thousand dollars. Seventy-four kinds of food fishes are caught, more than sixty of which can be used by man while the remainder come under the head of bait for catching. An enumeration would include nearly all the specimens of ichthyology of North America. Those most in use at the present time are salmon, cod, herring, halibut, redfish, sea and brook trout, black bass, pike, oolichon, whitefish, copelin and anchovy. The natives, in addition, use the octopas, whale, shark, porpoise, dogfish, hair and fur seal, and other kinds.

Salmon fishing is the largest and most important branch of the industry. In operation now are thirty-seven canneries, with the prospect of three others during the year, and seven or more salting establishments. The aggregate pack of the canneries in 1891 was 688,332 cases of four dozen one-pound cans, the value of which was $2,753,328. The quantity of salted salmon was about 7,300 barrels. These salmon fisheries represent a capital of $4,300,000, and they give employment to about 2,000 white laborers, 2,500 Chinamen and 1,000 natives, and require in their business, for transportation and other work, about 100 steam vessels and 500 fishing boats. The business of canning salmon in Alaska was commenced less than ten years ago. The salmon canned in Alaska are sent to nearly every part of the globe. Perhaps no other salt-water fish suits the palate of so many people in so many different countries.

The quantity of salmon that is consumed in Alaska is enormous. It is one of the most important items in the subsistence account. Every native family lays by a store of dried salmon and halibut for winter's use, perhaps not less than 500 to 550 pounds of each, and the diet is varied by fresh salmon when in season. In the Bristol Bay district it is estimated that the salmon caught annually to feed the population of 4,000 people is not less than 2,000,000 pounds.

The cod fishery of Alaska may be considered as in its infancy, notwithstanding the fact that the catch in 1891 amounted to a total of 1,140,000 fish, valued at more than $570,000. Since the beginning of the cod-fishing business in this territory in 1865 the total number of fish taken has been, in round figures, 26,100,000, having a value of $13,050,000. The industry has not, however, developed in such a degree as might have been expected from the almost unlimited supply and the favorable location of the banks. Cod is found along the south shore of Alaska and as far down as British Columbia. Just now almost the entire cod-fishing business is carried on by two San Fransisco firms at the Shumagin islands and in the Behring sea. The facilities for the pursuit of the cod fishing are greater on the Pacific side than they are on the Atlantic.

Very little attention has been paid to halibut fishing, although the fish are numerous and of the finest quality, and are obtainable nearly throughout the whole year. The Thlinket fishermen exhibit great patience and skill in catching the huge flat fish. In 1891 a quantity of fish was sent to the market fresh, but the demand is not yet sufficient to command the conveniences for transportation necessary to lay it before the consumer in the best condition. The home consumption of this fish is very large. The natives dry them to some extent for winter use, but can usually obtain all they require fresh at any season. Fish of very large size are taken frequently, weighing sometimes several hundred pounds, but those from fifty to one hundred and fifty pounds are preferred.

The schools of herring are large in many localities, but the catching of them is made a business of importance only by the Alaska Oil and Guano Co. at Killisnoo. From August 4 to December 26 the company caught 53,000 barrels, equal to about 5,300 tons, or 42,400,000 herring. From that catch came 157,000 gallons of oil, valued at $45,000. The oil is shipped to San Francisco and Portland and to England. The fishing fleet of the company consists of three steamers, four scows, and four other boats, employing forty-five white men, fifty Indians, and a few Chinamen. As an experiment, and to show what can be done in the herring fishery, the captain of the company at Sitka sometime ago filled his scows with two hauls of the net, one of which yielded 1,500 barrels of the fish. In some places schools of herring about the size of sardines afford fine opportunities for the location of sardine packing establishments, but the opportunity has not been utilized yet.

The whaling business in the waters adjacent or belonging to Alaska was carried on last year by San Francisco and New Bedford fleets of forty-one vessels, and it resulted in a catch of 231,282 pounds of whalebone, 4,150 pounds of ivory and 14,800 gallons of oil, all valued at $1,517,310. The whaling fleet left in March this year, and consisted of only thirty-eight vessels. The cruise lasts usually from six to nine months.

Whaling is on the decline in this vicinity, as in all other parts of the globe. In 1852, when whaling reached the zenith of its glory, 278 ships were engaged in the business, and the value of the catch of that single year amounted to $14,718,500. The total catch for the last fifteen years foots up 4,745,700 pounds of whalebone, 217,410 pounds ivory, and 508,689 gallons oil, total value of $24,500,000.

The yellow fish, or Alaska mackerel, as it is called sometimes, is a finely-flavored fish, fully equal to the mackerel in quality. Large schools of them have been found along the west end of the Aleutian islands, but no regular business of taking them has been developed. Some lots have, however, been sold in California markets as high as $28 a barrel.

The waste of fish by the natives is enormous, and further development of the industry should bring about an improvement and cause a saving of the supply. The quantity of fish sent from Alaska to the states and other markets of the world, when compared with the consumption by the natives, is small indeed; but the business shows a tendency to increase in magnitude year after year, as is demonstrated by the steadily increasing shipments of fresh, salt, dried and canned fish. It is doubtful, however, with the existing unsettled condition of the country, whether anything could be done to protect the fisheries and prevent the present unnecessary waste and slaughter. The estimated annual consumption of salmon among the natives of Cook's inlet, about 185 families, is put down at 2,800,000 pounds, of which by far the greater part is wasted in the process of drying. The total exports of fish last year were valued at $4,088,635. The value of the seal fisheries last year was $3,897,880.—N. Y. Sun.

AMERICAN HOMES.

They Should be Patterned for Comfort and Convenience.

Near one of our seaboard cities, surrounded by dairy farms and vegetable gardens, there stands an imitation of a Norman keep, built of rough-hewn blocks of gray stone. Its towers are penetrated only by narrow slits in imitation also of those through which archers in the dark ages shot at the advancing foe.

When the owner, a prosperous dealer in provisions, was asked why he had made himself so uncomfortable a home, he replied that it "was an exact copy of one built in the time of the conqueror, and if people admired it in Normandy, why not in America?" Antiquity and historic association counted for nothing with him.

On the outskirts of another American city there is an exact copy of a mediæval castle, the original of which stands upon the banks of the Rhine. It frowns grimly over the surrounding cornfields. Within are small dark chambers and the narrow stone staircases such as those which our ancestors, six hundred years ago, had to content themselves. Men in full suits of armor—papier-mache—guard the entrance, and on either side are dens in which the owner keeps bears. The owner's apology for this costly—and where it stands, hideous—discomfort is that "America can afford to have ancient castles as well as Europe." Still another wealthy speculator is said to have surrounded his dwelling with a moat, so that the house can be approached only by a drawbridge, as though the middle ages had returned, and the mansion were in constant danger of attack.

In the southern states some successful northern capitalists have of late years built on their plantations solid turreted brick dwellings of the New York or Boston city type, which prove to be intolerably warm during the long, damp summers in which the airy, wooden, many-verandaed dwellings of the south are the only comfortable shelter. With similar disregard of place and season, Americans have found Italian villas on the shores of the Riviera the crown of a scene of enchantment have built them on bleak New England hill-sides, to discover that they were ridiculous and uncomfortable.

The American, as a rule, can go farther afield for architectural ideas, and is better able to gratify his individual tastes in the building of his house, than any other man. He has a right to gratify them. But a little common sense will teach him that his home should be the growth of his own necessities, and the conditions under which he lives; not those of some other man, dead perhaps centuries ago. There is no more reason why he should steal the dwellings of alien countries and times to plant on his town lot or farm than that he should don the costume of the ancient nuns, or talk in rhymes like the jongleurs and troubadours.—Youth's Companion.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

An Incident of the Blackhawk War Fifty Years Ago.

A short time before the death of the late Gen. Edwards he related to some of his friends a curious incident which occurred when he left West Point to join Gen. Scott in the Blackhawk war, in which Gen. Edwards distinguished himself. Gen. Edwards was a cadet at West Point, having received the appointment in consequence of his father, Ninian Edwards, being the governor of Illinois. In 1832 the Blackhawk war broke out, and Gen. Scott, then commanding the eastern department, was ordered to the northwest, with a request made by him that a respectable number of regulators be taken from the eastern defenses to accompany him to the seat of hostilities. In this demand a number of West Point cadets offered to volunteer, urged by young Edwards, on the ground that as they were appointed from the west, they were bound by duty and honor to obey the call where that section was threatened.

The troops embarked in steamers at Detroit, and while ascending Lake Huron, the Asiatic cholera, which had been brought from Quebec, began to infect the troops of Scott's expedition at different points on the lake; many died, and one of the steamers was beached on the shore with the dead and dying, while the two others proceeded to Chicago in company. The sick were transferred to one of the boats, and when a death occurred, the body of the victim was placed in a sack and cast overboard into the waters of the lake. Just before reaching Chicago, the surgeon was told that one of the soldiers had expired, but that there were no more sacks with which to enshroud the body preparatory to casting it into the lake. The surgeon advised it to be allowed to remain undisturbed until the arrival at Chicago. After landing in that port, then but a hamlet, the convalescent troops were marched across the prairie to Prairie du Chien, leaving the sick behind. The campaign closed soon after the battle of Badaxe, and the young officers of the army, all volunteers, were discharged by Gen. Scott. The latter, among whom was Edwards, on returning to Chicago was utterly surprised and astonished on seeing among the sentinels on duty the soldier who was given up for dead from cholera on the steamer and was only saved from being drowned in a sack by the lack of that article and the haphazard decision of the surgeon in charge.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Excavations in Egypt.

Not shapeless and unsightly like the common Egyptian hieroglyphics, but of a natural beauty and truth, are the paintings which have just been discovered by excavations made by Flinders Petrie and Tel el Amarna in upper Egypt. There are floors covered with frescoes representing ponds alive with fishes and lotos-flowers and surrounded by great varieties of plants and birds and beasts and insects. The border shows garlands of great beauty. These remnants of Egyptian art strongly resemble Greek art of the earlier periods. It is hoped that inscriptions will be found revealing some facts bearing upon the intercourse between Egypt and Greece, as similar documents referring to an intercourse with Assyria and Babylonia were found some time ago.—Chicago Herald.

A FRENCHMAN'S VIEW OF US.

M. Paul Deschanel's Impressions of a Recent Visit to the United States.

M. Paul Deschanal, who was recently sent here by the French government to study the labor question, has returned to Paris, where he has just been interviewed by a representative of the Gaulois. Here is what the deputy from Eure-et-Loir said to the reporter:

"I desired especially to study thoroughly the relations between capital and labor, and I was fortunate at the start in getting acquainted with the political world in Washington. I must say that I saw three things that astonished me. The first was the individual energy and the free initiative of the citizen toward the government. Everything is done in that country without the intervention of the authorities. The workmen repel every such encroachment on the part of the authorities as they would stamp out a plague, and the legislators themselves have no influence upon the workmen. In a word, state socialism is entirely unknown, or, at least, banished from the country. The second noteworthy point is the genius of simplification displayed alike by workmen and manufacturers. They reduce labor to its minimum, and invent and use tools which push forward the work with astonishing rapidity, and at the same time render it much cheaper than that of European countries. Both employers and employes show a surprising knowledge of practical life.

"My most ardent desire is that a considerable number of our workmen and employers might be sent there to witness what I have seen and what I am now reporting to you. It seems to me that they would gain immensely by it. From this point of view the Chicago exposition will be something astonishing.

"The third thing that I remarked was the hospitality of the American people. It is admirable, and we have no idea of it here. I must say, however, that we could not cast our own hospitality in a similar mold, because we see too many travelers. But I was agreeably surprised to find that the American people are extremely kind. Certainly I can not conceal the fact that a Parisian, accustomed to the literary movement and in love with intellectual things, on dropping suddenly into New York or Washington would find himself puzzled by the worldly ways of Americans, I mean their purely material activity.

"Really, you find extraordinary things in that country. At Denver, Col., I heard the same waltzes as at the Pavilion d'Ermehonville. Among the Mormons in California, in the Rocky mountains, and generally in all the region of the west, development has assumed proportions that can hardly be imagined. Towns which, ten years ago, counted 5,000 inhabitants, have 50,000 to-day, and people advance in all these towns and territories from surprises to surprises.

"Take one example out of a hundred. Chicago, which was rebuilt in 1871, has now not less than 1,200,000 inhabitants. I have seen there houses twenty stories high. When you get into an elevator in that town you imagine that you are going to take Jules Verne's trip to the moon. The fact is that since my return Havre, the Champs Elysees, and my own house seem to me very little things, indeed, like the toys of Nuremburg."—Chicago Tribune.

A MOTHER'S CARE.

The Maternal Thoughtfulness That Made Childhood Pleasant.

"We were very, very poor," said a now wealthy business man, talking of his early life, "but it never seemed to us children that we were poor, because our mother always seemed happy with us. She was constantly planning some little pleasure for us that was all her own, and we thought we had the nicest time at home of any children we knew. It was making for us little rabbits or birds out of bread-dough, or turn over pies in fruit season, or some little thing to give us pleasure and show how much she thought of us continually. Then she was always encouraging us to look for better days and always hopeful herself for the great things her children were going to do for her when they grew up to be good and useful men.

"We went to school barefooted and carried with us our dinner, often very humble fare, but it was always wrapped up in a clean, white bit of cloth, so that it might look attractive; and one of the most touching recollections of my childhood is of seeing my dear mother patiently washing and ironing those bits of cloth for our school lunches."

When that dear mother, in after years, was suddenly stricken with fatal sickness, a special train took two of those stalwart sons, with all the dispatch that money and influence could buy, to that mother's bedside to receive the parting blessing and witness her dying smile. Such a place, such a kingdom, in the hearts of her children, is worth any mother's toil and care and weariness to win.—Farm and Fireside.

A TIGHT FIT.

The Queer Predicament of a Stout Boatman.

One summer a young man from Staunton, Va., was making a canoe trip on the Potomac in a very small canvas canoe which was decked over all but a small cockpit. Ned R., an enthusiastic fisherman and canoeist, happened to meet the young man and asked permission to try the canoe. Now Ned weighs about two hundred and forty pounds, and there was some discussion as to whether the canoe would carry him; but as he was not afraid to try it his request was granted. He got in and sat down, noticing as he did so that he completely filled the cockpit, in fact had some difficulty in passing certain obstructions on the sides, but after passing them he seemed to have plenty of room.

He paddled up stream through a pool thirty feet deep, and as far up the rapids above it as he could. He then turned to come home, and feeling thirsty stopped at a spring for a drink, but when he attempted to get out of the canoe he found that he was securely fastened in. The obstructions he had forced his way by where screw eyes in the gunwale, put there to fasten the tent to, and it was impossible for him to force his way out again. A terrible feeling of his danger overcame him, and he paddled rapidly but very cautiously back to the landing, running the canoe on the sandbar and shouting lustily for help to get him out of the "blamed thing."—Forest and Stream.

—She Didn't Care.—Young Lady—"I want four pounds of steak." Butcher—"Round?" Young Lady (carelessly)—"I don't care whether it is round or square, so long as it is nice and tender."

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

A LITTLE GIRL TO HER DOLLY.

For the last time, dear dolly, I dress you,
And carefully put you away:
You can't tell how much I shall miss you,
But then I am fifteen to-day.

And you, not so very much younger—
Have you nothing at parting to say?
Are you sorry our fun is all over,
And that I am fifteen to-day?

What walks we have had through the clover:
What rides on the top of the hay:
What feasting in grandmother's garret!
And now I must put you away.

Cousin Ethel just buried her dolly,
With its eyes open wide, and as blue
As yours, my sweet dolly, this minute;
I couldn't do that, dear, to you.

Oh, stop, dolly! what am I thinking?
Why can not I give you away?
There's a poor little girl I love dearly,
And she's only ten years to-day.

How happy your bright face would make her!
She never had playthings like you.
With all your fine dresses and trinkets,
Yes, dolly, that's just what I'll do.

I do believe, dolly, I'm crying.
"What nonsense, child!" grandma would say.
Good-by; one last kiss; I'm half sorry
That I am fifteen, dear, to-day.

—Mary A. Denison, in Harper's Young People.

JIM, THE ERRAND BOY.

He Was Faithful and Trustworthy and Won a Deserved Reward.

"Papa," said little Nellie Ward, climbing upon her father's knee, "what pleases you so much to-day? You have been smiling to yourself all dinner time."

"Something has pleased me to-day, Nellie, and if you and your mamma care to hear the story I will tell you what has made me happy."

"A story?" said Mrs. Ward, looking up from her work.

"Well, Nellie, my story is about a boy about your age. He said he was twelve, but he is larger and more robust looking than you, my little puss. It is six months since I first saw him.

"I was busy one afternoon last winter, when I saw a little boy coming into the store whose face attracted my attention at once. It was a bright and honest face, if ever I saw one. The boy was poorly clad, but his clothes were clean and whole.

"'May I see the boss?' he asked.

"'I am the boss,' I answered; 'what can I do for you?'

"'I called to ask the price of a first-rate sewing machine; not a fancy one, but a good, substantial one.'

"'Forty dollars,' said I.

"'Can I have one and work it out?' he asked, earnestly. 'I have every afternoon from three until seven, and I could run errands or do any work about the store. You see, sir, how it is, father died a year ago, and mother wants me to stay at school two or three years longer; but she has to work awful to keep me there. Mother owns the little house we live in, and that is all. Sometimes she keeps one or two boarders, and she sews some for other people, so I thought I would try and earn her a sewing machine.'

"'But it will take a long time,' said I. 'If I give you a dollar a week it will take forty weeks.'

"'Will you give so much?' he asked, his eyes fairly dancing.

"'Yes; and if you do well I will let you have the machine for a little less than retail price.'

"You see, Nellie, I was interested in the boy, and resolved if he was faithful in his duties to help him along. Every day he came, punctual to the minute, rain or shine. He was the most prompt and willing errand boy I ever employed. Little by little the dollars rolled up on the account, until one evening, some time ago, he came running after me as I was on my way home from the store. As he came up to me he handed me a roll of bills which I thought safe in my pocket.

"'I found this, sir, under the counter. Please see if it is all right.

"I counted the notes—three hundred dollars—and then taking out two tens, I said:—

"'I should have offered a reward for this, Jim, if you had not found it.'

"'I am glad I saved you that, sir,' he answered, as he turned to leave me.

"'You have earned the reward,' I said, handing him the money.

"'Mine! all that!' he exclaimed, in surprise. 'Please keep it toward the machine. You see, I'd have to tell mother where I got the money, and the machine is to be a surprise.'

"I never spent twenty dollars with so much pleasure in my life, Nellie! This was a great lift on that machine, and this afternoon, when Jim came, I told him to select one for his mother.

"We selected a first-class machine—handsome, too—and I promised him a teacher should go and show his mother how to use it.

"When it was on the cart, ready to go, I invited myself to go with Jim to see it delivered. He asked me to write a note telling his mother that it had been honestly earned; but I told him that I would tell her. So we went, and when we reached the little house Jim opened the door very softly, and the man carried the machine into the parlor.

"Then Jim led me into a small sitting-room at the back of the house, where a pale woman in a widow's dress sat busily sewing.

"She arose and offered me a chair, and I told her I had come to see if I could obtain Jim's services at five dollars a week. You should have seen the boy's eyes.

"'He can go to evening school,' I said, 'and I will see that he has some time to read and study. I can not spare him now, having had his services so long.'

"'My afternoons and Saturdays, mother,' Jim said, 'I told you I was not in mischief; I was earning you a present. Come and see.' And he fairly danced into the parlor, his mother and I following.

"'It's yours,' he said, dancing around the machine; 'all paid for, and lessons on it, too. Ain't it splendid?'

"His mother was delighted, as he expected, and that is saying a good deal.

"'Oh, sir,' she said to me, 'he's been a good son since his father died; every step he can save me he does. But how did he ever earn money enough to pay for the machine out of school hours?'

"'I got a dollar a week, mother, for errands; and when there was snow on the walks, or other odd jobs, I earned from twenty to forty cents extra, and Mr. Ward gave me twenty dollars.'

"'No, you earned that as well as the rest,' I said, and his mother fairly cried when I told her about the roll of money.

"So, Nellie, now you know what pleases me so much to-day. He will make a noble man, for the boy who can work steadily and faithfully for such an object as Jim had, and never spend any of it for his own pleasure, is to be honored."

"But, papa," said Nellie, "why didn't you give him the machine?"

"Because the pleasure would not have been so great to either Jim or his mother. Think how proud she will be of her good son every time she looks at her machine."

"Any mother would be proud of such a son," said Mrs. Ward, gently, "and some time you must give him a holiday to spend with us; we will be glad to see him, won't we, Nellie?"

There was a hearty "Yes, ma'am," and then Nellie, thanking her father for the story, opened her school books and went busily to her duties for the evening, and wondering a little if she could have the patience, self-denial and industry of little Jim.—Sunshine.

A FIRE IN CHINA.

Queer Protection of the Chinese Against a Blaze.

In all the big cities, as well as all the little cities of China, everything is built of wood. The houses of the poorer people are built so close together you could hardly slip a piece of paper, edgewise, between them.

The windows are made of oiled paper, and often the front of the house is only an oiled paper screen, closed at night and open through the day.

Every twenty rods or so there is a high brick wall, extending from one street through to the street in the rear. These are fire walls, to fence in a fire and keep it from consuming the entire city.

The people are very careless in the use of lights. They have real paper Chinese lanterns for lighting the house or going about at night, and they are constantly setting off fire-crackers for religious festivals.

Whenever a house catches fire gongs are struck, bells are rung, and everyone shouts and runs to the fire. They have fire engines which they call water dragons, and the men employed to use them come rushing in from all directions, in their uniforms.

Another very important element at a fire is the sikhs, or police. For when one house catches fire, it is believed that every other house between the two walls will be burned, and so without attempting to put out the fire, each one takes as much of the property as can be obtained, and runs off. Whenever the sikhs see anyone carrying off anything they like, they take it away.

They all have a grand time at a fire—all but those who lose by it, and none of them have very much to lose. Then, the moment the fire is extinguished they go to work to rebuild, dumping the ashes and burned timbers from their lot upon the property of the man where the fire started. That poor fellow suffers most, for often in a large city he must carry that mass of half-burned refuse for two or three miles before he can find another place to dump it. So, very often he becomes discouraged and leaves his lot altogether. Often you will see, in a block, one vacant lot, only a pile of ashes, overgrown with weeds, and that is how it came about. The law says it is a just punishment.—Warren H. Fryeh, in Little Men and Women.

A VERY COMMON BOY.

He Is the One Who Is Always Careless and Disorderly.

"Where's my hat?"

"Who's seen my knife?"

"Who turned my coat wrong side out and slung it under the lounge?"

There you go, my boy. When you came into the house last evening you flung your hat across the room, jumped out of your shoes, and kicked 'em right and left, wriggled out of your coat, and gave it a toss, and now you are annoyed because each article has not gathered itself into a chair to be ready for you when you dress in the morning.

Who cut those shoestrings? You did it, to save one minute's time in untying them! Your knife is under your bed, where it rolled when you hopped, skipped and jumped out of your trousers.

Your collar is down behind the bureau, one of your socks on the foot of the bed, and your vest may be in the kitchen wood-box for all you known.

Now, then, my way has always been the easiest way. I had rather fling my hat down than hang it up; I'd rather kick my boots under the lounge than place them in the hall; I'd rather run the risk of spoiling a new coat than to change it.

I own right up to being reckless and slovenly, but, ah me! haven't I had to pay for that ten times over? Now set your foot right down, and determine to have order. It is a trait that can be acquired.

An orderly man can make two suits of clothes last longer and look better than a slovenly man can do with four. He can save an hour per day over the man who flings things helter-skelter. He stands twice the show to get a situation and keep it, and five times the show to conduct a business with profit.

An orderly man will be an accurate man. If he is a carpenter every joint will fit. If he is a turner his goods will look neat. If he is a merchant his books will show neither blot nor error. An orderly man is usually an economical man, and always a prudent one. If you should ask me how to become rich I should answer: "Be orderly—be accurate."—Detroit Free Press.

Truthfulness.

"Nothing can withstand truth," says an old philosopher, "it will rout a hundred lies."

A boy of fourteen was an important witness in a Boston law suit, and after a long cross-examination, one of the lawyers said sharply:

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Now," continued the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," replied the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try to tangle me in my testimony, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."—Golden Days.

—Stockings of silk are said to have been first worn by Henry II. of France in 1547. In 1560, Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of knit black silk stockings by her silk woman, Mrs. Montague, and she never wore cloth ones any more. "Henry VII. wore ordinary cloth hose, except they came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings; for Spain very early abounded with silk." Edward VI. was presented with a pair of Spanish silk stockings by his merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham, and the present was then much taken notice of.